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It is particularly suited for growing children, taking the place of sweetmeats and supplying the material for a strong constitution. It should form a goodly part of every lunch basket.

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A New Battleship Yearly Enough For Safety.

By Congressman RICHARD BARTHOLDT of Missouri.

IT is not only true that nothing has occurred in the last two years to warrant an increase of naval armaments, but, on the contrary, we all know that a great deal has occurred since we last voted on battleships which would justify all well meaning governments in at least CALLING A HALT IN NAVAL CONSTRUCTION.

It may not be popular at a time when military and naval budgets are being considered to call attention to the great achievements of the second peace conference at The Hague, but for my part I could not imagine a more appropriate time to do so—in fact, I hold it to be our solemn duty before voting away the people's money to carefully consider actual necessities, especially at a time when the REVENUES, BOTH INTERNAL AND CUSTOMS, ARE FALLING OFF and every dollar we can spare is badly needed for the erection of buildings to house the growing federal service and for the IMPROVEMENT OF THE WATERWAYS of the country. And the actual necessities for military and naval armaments have certainly been lessened by The Hague agreements.

* * *

WE HAVE LITTLE TO FEAR FROM ANY EUROPEAN POWER, AND EVEN LESS FROM JAPAN, ALL JINGO TALK TO THE CONTRARY NOTWITHSTANDING.

Unless we are all in ignorance as to the true situation—and it is incredible that the mikado's representatives should misrepresent it to us—a simple agreement to arbitrate differences and to mutually guarantee territorial integrity and undisputed home sovereignty would EFFECTUALLY DISPOSE OF THE JAPANESE QUESTION FOR ALL TIME TO COME, and not a single battleship will be needed to secure the benefits of such a treaty.

Under the circumstances I believe every member of the house to be justified, from the standpoint of international obligations as well as that of national security and national honor, in declining to go beyond the naval programme as agreed upon at the two sessions of the last congress.

Contrary to common report, I am by no means a sentimentalist on this question. My course was as practical as the demands of patriotism and the necessities of my country dictated, and I repeat what I said in the beginning, that, as in the past, I am ready to support President Roosevelt's policy announced a year ago—namely, ONE BATTLESHIP ANNUALLY, which, to use his own language, means no enlargement of the navy, but merely "enables us to keep up our strength and make good the units which become obsolete."

Duty of Christian Nations To Semicivilized Peoples.

By JAMES BRYCE, British Ambassador.

THE work of bearing the white man's burden has too often taken the form of FILLING THE WHITE MAN'S POCKET. Is it any wonder that the behavior of men who are nominally Christians, Christians in profession if not practice, has checked the spread of Christianity? The missionary comes preaching a gospel of justice and love and peace. But when the natives see how men behave who profess the religion which the missionary preaches the preachings lose their value. An African chief is said to have described the process of the contact of civilized men with his people in these words, "First missionary, then trader, then army." It is not too much to say that the lives of men nominally Christians have been the greatest of all hindrances to the spread of the gospel.

What, then, is our duty as citizens of Christian nations who desire to see the light of the gospel illumine the world?

THE FORCE OF PUBLIC OPINION OUGHT TO SUPPORT GOVERNMENTS IN KEEPING A STRICT WATCH UPON ALL THOSE WHO TRY TO EXPLOIT THE NATIVE, EITHER BY GETTING HOLD OF HIS LAND OR BY TRADING WITH HIM. IT OUGHT TO INSIST ON THE ABSOLUTE PROHIBITION OF THE SALE OF DRINK TO NATIVES.

It ought to secure full justice for the native when he brings complaints against those who TRY TO INJURE HIM BY FORCE OR FRAUD. It ought to punish severely those who abuse the power of a superior race and, above all, those who DEMORALIZE IT BY THE SALE OF LIQUOR or who, as sometimes happens, BEHAVE ILL TO NATIVE WOMEN. It ought to be our aim to compel those who go forth from among us into non-Christian races to set a better example of conduct worthy of civilized men than many have done. The time in which we live is A CRITICAL TIME, not only critical for ourselves, but critical for the relations of the advanced to the semicivilized peoples.

REPUBLICAN NATIONAL CONVENTION.

The Republican National Convention is in session at Chicago this week. Reports indicate that President Roosevelt from the White House is virtual dictator of the convention. A phonograph connected with his room let him hear the wonderful demonstration in his favor today, when for forty-five minutes the convention went wild at the mention of his name. As we go to press the nomination speeches are being made—Cannon, Fairbanks, Hughes and Taft having been placed in nomination. Taft will probably be nominated on the first ballot. George A. Knight of California may be the nominee for Vice President.

The committee from Orchard City Grange having in hand the matter of investigating the wisdom of building a Grange Hall in Campbell, will hold its final meeting Saturday evening to decide on a report to submit to the Grange next Tuesday night. We understand that it is proposed to issue stock to the Grange members. We believe such a hall as is contemplated would be of great benefit to Campbell.

High School Graduation Program

INVOCATION:

REV. J. F. KELLOGG

TRIO: "Winds in the Trees" *A. Goring Thomas*

MISSES GERNA MCCARTY, DOLLIE BLENKINSOP
MARY ECKLES

ADDRESS: "Culture and Service"

REV. W. T. PATCHELL

VOCAL SOLO: "What the Rose said to Me" *B. F. Barnett*

MISS VIOLA KENT

PRESENTATION OF SENIORS TO THE TRUSTEES FOR GRADUATION:

PRINCIPAL J. FRED SMITH

PRESENTATION OF DIPLOMAS:

REV. W. T. PATCHELL

VOCAL DUET: "Beautiful Moonlight"

MISSES DOLLIE BLENKINSOP and MARY ECKLES

BENEDICTION:

REV. GEO. E. ATKINSON

High School Alumni

1901

Charles A. Beardsley

1902

L. D. Bohnett
James A. Cutting
Charlotte Davis
Farley Lovell
Mrs. Jessie Nimmo (Wood)
Harold F. Smith
Stuart S. Smith

1903

Clyde Betts
Albert T. Cragin
Charles Geer
Mrs. Anna R. Joy (Ross)
Alice Joy
John Leonard
Thaddeus Joy

1904

Frances Fablinger
Maud Farley
Mrs. Grace Fowler (Blodgett)
Mildred Keesling
Della Kennison
Vaugn Lloyd
Mrs. N. Marguson (Davison)
Mabel Ross
George Schuyler
Lena Swope

1905

Mrs. Avenel Ross (Brandenburg)
Mrs. D. Eddlemon (McKenzie)
Mrs. Grace Stewart (Bohnett)
Alta Chesbro
Merle Lloyd
Clarence Martinie
Alfaratta Hutton
Harry Fore
Ellen Wakeman

1906

Ernest A. Abbott
Edna M. Briggs
Mrs. Mary A. Miner (Canine)
J. Easton Carter
Vera B. Fablinger
Ralph H. Hyde
Florence Kennedy
J. Winniefred Martinie
Bertha P. Nelson
Edwin B. Parker
George L. Righter
Harriet A. Rubell
Eva E. Sanderson

1907

Floyd Bell
Calvin Bohnett
Earl Brown
Alba Carter
Edith Copeland
Hugh De Berry
Jesse Hayes
Tillie Hayes
Ethel Hills
Arthur Joachim
Raymond Kearney
Mervyn Keesling
Rosena Kennedy
Agnes Macy
Lela Oliver
Irene Pannell
Richard Parker
Cora Rodeck
Sidney Shaw
Lulu Shermantine
Stanley Smith

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BIG INDUCEMENTS TO STUDY TELEGRAPHY.

A Position Guaranteed at Sixty Dollars a month. Tuition refunded when in service one year. Trained by use of an S. P. wire right in the school room.
See us about it.

Pacific Coast Business College

Market and Post Streets,

SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA

HAIL, THE FARMER KING.

Oh, the mines may be rich with deposits of ore,
With ingots of silver and nuggets of gold,
And iron and copper, from shore unto shore,
From the depths of the earth may be constantly rolled.
But the wealth of the world is an atom compared
With the millions of dollars that annually spring
In the track of the plow and the trail of the rake
And the path of the hoe, for the farmer is king.

His throne is a stack of the sweet-smelling hay,
His crown is the gold of the carrot and corn,
His scepter a sheaf of his newly cut wheat,
His audience chamber the meadows of morn,
The oats and the barley await his command
Their slender green spears from the darkness to bring;

Columbia stands at the head of the world,
The goddess of liberty, plenty and peace.
To the farmer she owes it that year after year
Her riches, her power and her glories increase.
May his furrow be straight and his harvest be great,
The scythe and the sickle long, long may he swing.
Hats off as he passes, a monarch of men
All hail to the farmer, the farmer is king!

—Leslie's Weekly.

RUBY

A couple of young men were standing close together in the shadow of a clump of fir trees, with clasped hands, about to part.

A girl was standing at a little distance watching them eagerly. She stooped forward in the moonlight, her thin dress stirred by the warm summer wind, and a big imitation diamond brooch glittering at her throat. Her hat, overweighted with tulle and pink roses, shaded a great, untidy mop of fluffy, yellow hair; she carried a lace parasol; there were a quantity of tinkling bangles on her arms, bare to the elbow, and her surprisingly small waist was clasped with a silver belt.

The face of this girl, whose whole appearance in her cheap finery seemed oddly incongruous in that quiet, old-fashioned garden, was strikingly handsome in its own way. Her mouth was wide, full-lipped and vivid; her eyes were gray-blue, their beauty accentuated by the skilful dark pencilling of naturally fair brows; her big chin had still the round softness of a child, and her fully developed figure suggested the vigor and strength of exuberant health.

The young men whom she watched with such an anxious face were twin brothers, and the shorter of the two was her husband. They had been married a month, and she knew that in taking that step, without his father's knowledge or consent, Richard Waring had severed himself forever from the associations and friends of his boyhood.

Richard was of "good family." She was of no family at all. Richard had become a first-class actor because he had a taste for comedy, and was a born Bohemian. She had been a second-rate actress ever since she started, as a child, to earn her bread.

"Good-by, Leo! Our roads lie apart. Perhaps we shall never meet again!" said Richard Waring, looking up at his brother with a twitch of his thin, mobile face.

"No, no, Dick! Not good-by," answered Leonard Waring with emotion.

"Yes, good-by!" the other repeated firmly. "The old man has forbidden me the house—disowned me. I'm like the hero of a melodrama, Leo, cut off with a shilling. The Manor will be yours."

He laughed bitterly and looked through the trees to the big house, surrounded by garden and woodland, where he was born.

"Is it my fault, Dick?" exclaimed his brother, in a tone of reproach.

"No, dear boy, no! You've always done your duty, and you'll have your reward. The old man has given me permission to die in any ditch I fancy on the estate. But we mean to live—Ruby and I—in spite of him."

He stretched out his hand to his wife, who caught it passionately in both of her own, and kissed it.

"You're a brave fellow, Dick!" exclaimed Leonard Waring. "If you have lost your father, you shall never lose me."

Once more the brothers grasped each other's hands, and Richard felt the touch of a folded paper on his palm. He looked at it quickly. It was a bank-note.

"I can't take this, old man," he said. "We don't want it, really."

"You must—for the sake of old times, Dick. Good-by once more. Good-by, Ruby. God bless you both——"

His voice broke, and he turned abruptly away.

Richard and his girl-wife watched him disappear through the trees towards the Manor House.

"My word! He's a brother!" she exclaimed in a low, thrilling voice.

"I can never repay him," said Richard Waring.

Then they clasped hands and gaily, without a backward glance, made their way to the open road.

* * * * *

Many seasons, drifting into years, had passed since the summer night when Richard and Leonard Waring parted in the garden of the old Manor House.

Richard, under another name, had long been known as a popular, eccentric comedian, and Leonard, who lived with his wife and children under his father's roof, felt that the whole world lay between them.

Dick's unconventionality, strange experiences, and unsettled life—above all, Dick's apparent devotion to that golden-haired, loud-voiced, "impossible" wife of his—filled his brother with secret, intense surprise, but their great affection was unchanged. They rarely met, for there was little in common between them, but they were both loyal to the old belief in each other.

One night, a cold, bleak night at the end of last year, Richard Waring was hurrying through the crowded streets of a big provincial town. Recollections of his old home flitted through his mind. It was only twenty miles away. For the first time since he went on the stage, oddly enough, he was engaged to play in this well-remembered town.

He glanced at the glaring posters of the Christmas pantomime, "Aladdin," and smiled to think of Richard Waring, the discarded heir of Waring Manor, earning his living as a low comedian. He thought of the old house, of Leonard and Leonard's wife, of his passionate old father, of the wealth and golden ease which had slipped through his fingers.

He thought of the life he had chosen—his freedom, his old poverty, his cheery comrades on the road—was it worth while? Would he choose such a life again?

With a quick sigh, and banishing the question unanswered from his mind, he pushed through the stage door of the theater. A dress-rehearsal was about to begin. Richard Waring, whose position as leading comedian released him from the trouble of putting on his costumes, went into the stalls to watch the opening scene.

The curtain was raised, and the stage was crowded with a motley throng of ballet girls in crushed practising skirts, shabby blouses, and heelless shoes; children dressed as fairies, chattering like a flock of magpies; worried and perspiring scene-shifters; local supers, looking supremely uncomfortable in gaudy draperies; members of the cast, some in costume, some in every-day clothes, and, lastly, the stage manager—the real genie of Aladdin's lamp—

"AFTER ALL, HE'S YOUR FATHER."

hoarse with shouting and haggard with work.

"Look alive, there!" he cried. "Opening chorus, stand by! Come along, you girls! Children, get out. Tom, what's wrong with that second border? Put on your amber limes against the back cloth—not green, you fool! Now you've got 'em light blue! Amber. Right O! Are you there, Dickie? How's that look?"

He had caught sight of Richard Waring in the distance and came to the corner of the stage, holding his hand below his eyes to shade them from the footlights.

"Capital, old man! You'll have the 'blinders' for the change of scene, won't you? Make those demons move up stage a bit, and tell the man on the prompt side not to focus on the girls' feet," answered Waring with critical exactness.

"Right O!" repeated the stage manager. "Where's Miss Caine? Oh, there she is!"

Miss Ruby Caine was the professional name of Mrs. Richard Waring. She was playing Aladdin, and advancing quickly to the footlights, nodded a greeting to her husband in the stalls.

Miss Caine had donned her costume—what there was of it—and her eyes were sparkling with satisfaction. She was very handsome and amazing, with her splendid figure and golden hair, her big, white hands, and vivid coloring. Her gestures were bold and graceful, her voice was loud and full-toned; she was self-possessed, insolent and sincere; she made every other woman on the stage look small and insignificant.

Once again, as Waring watched her, the strange, haunting recollection of his old life crept into his mind. He found himself, for the first time for years, comparing Miss Ruby Caine with the women of his brother's world—with Leonard's gentle, refined wife, with his own mother as he had known her—and he smiled in spite of himself, but it was a very gentle, loving smile.

During the interval, between the two parts of the pantomime, Miss Ruby Caine went up to her dressing-room. Wrapped in a gay pink robe, trimmed with yellow lace, she sat down in front of the looking glass. Her table was scattered with toilet preparations, "make-up," letters, and trinkets. There was only one photograph, in a handsome frame, that of a pretty girl. It was one of Leonard Waring's daughters, and, although she had never seen her, Ruby always kept it near. Had her own child—her only child—lived, she would have been about the same age.

Suddenly the door opened, and her husband came into the room. She met his eyes in the glass and saw that he was flushed and agitated.

"Hullo!" exclaimed Mrs. Waring, turning quickly. "What's the row?"

"Look here, Ruby!" he said, advancing to the table and thrusting an open letter into her hand. "A messenger has just brought me this—read it, quick! What am I to do?"

He watched her anxiously as she obeyed, biting his lips, while his face twitched.

"Good Lord!" exclaimed Mrs. Waring.

It was a letter from his brother Leonard, only a few hurried lines, telling him that their father was dying and the old man yearned to see him. "Leo has sent a motor," said Richard, while his wife stared at him speechlessly. "But why should I go? My father told me to die in a ditch. He would have let us starve. What do I care if he lives or dies?"

"Hush! You don't mean that," she interrupted. "After all, he's your father. Don't be so hard and unforgiving, Dick. Poor old man! Of course you must go——"

"Because he may give me a five-pound note!" said her husband, bitterly.

"No, my dear, because it's right," she answered.

She gathered her pink robe tightly round her and hurried with him downstairs to the stage door.

"Mind you get back as soon as you can," were her parting words. "Don't forget that we open to-morrow night, Dick."

He nodded curtly, and she took his hand for a second time before he passed through the swing door into the street, and kissed him.

"Good-by, Ruby," he said, wonderfully cheered and calmed by the touch of her hand and lips.

It was a clear night with a stiff north wind. Quickly the town dropped behind. Richard Waring, wrapping himself in the big fur coat which his brother's kindness had sent in the car, watched the hedges skimming past, and counted in a vague, aimless way the telegraph wires on either side of the road, as they seemed to dip and tangle, outlined against the sky.

It was long past midnight when they reached the Manor House. Quickly, wonderingly, like a man in a dream, Richard Waring passed through the well-remembered hall and up the wide, shallow stairs leading to his father's room. His brother was leaning over the balcony above him, with a light in his hand, and he welcomed Richard with a few whispered, affectionate words.

"Dear old Dickie! Go in, go in!" he said, pointing to the door of the old man's room.

Richard turned the handle, but paused, looking over his shoulder.

"Come with me, Leo," he said.

Leonard gave a sad little smile, and shook his head.

"I'm out of favor, Dick. He's been asking for you all night."

Richard went quickly and softly into the silent room. His brother waited for him, patiently and long, outside the closed door.

* * * * * * *

It was late in the afternoon on the following day when Richard Waring returned to the house where he lived. His wife, lounging in a big chair before the fire, sprang to her feet at the sound of his step.

"Is that you, Dickie?" she cried eagerly, and then pushed him gently into her own seat, and, kneeling down on the floor, stirred the fire into a blaze.

"My father is dead!" he told her.

"Oh, my poor old boy! That's too bad. Who'd have thought it!" she exclaimed with unusual softness in her loud voice. "How does poor Leo take it?"

Her husband, stooping forward with his arms on his knees, stared into the fire.

"He had quarreled with Leo for no reason in the world. I was alone with him when he died."

"How strange!" said his wife.

He put his hand in his breast pocket and drew out a folded paper. She thought it was his brother's hasty summons of the previous night. He opened it out, looked at it thoughtfully for several seconds, and then held it for her to read, still retaining it in his own hand.

His wife bent down and read the paper slowly by the light of the fire. Then she lifted her eyes to meet his in blank astonishment.

"Do you understand it, Ruby?" said Richard Waring, softly but very distinctly. "Do you realize what it means? My father wrote this will, canceling all others, a couple of days ago unknown to Leo. It leaves me everything. It leaves my brother—penniless."

"Is it correct—is it legal?" she asked in a breathless whisper.

"Yes, absolutely. You see the names of the witnesses—my father's solicitor and his faithful old servant. I can fight for my rights with this!"

He laughed harshly and flourished the paper in the air.

"Fight!" she repeated slowly. "Your brother, Leonard!"

Their eyes met. He had never seen her look so grave and tender. The color crept into his face.

"By the old will, Ruby, I shall get a few hundreds at the most. Why do you look at me like that?"

"I want you to pay your life's debt to your brother," she answered quietly. "Have you forgotten his loyalty to you? Have you forgotten when we parted from him in the garden? Could you go back to the old life? Could you be happy—with me—then?"

She drooped her head, and he suddenly laid his hand on her hair.

"It's for your sake, Ruby," he said, "not for my own. I shall be able to give you everything in the world. It's for your sake, my dear."

"Then you're not ashamed of me, Dick?" she said, clinging to him. "You're not ashamed of the life we lead—the happy, free, successful life? You're a born actor, Dick! We've lived through half our days, you and I, and we have lost our child. Why should we try to forget the past? Why should we change and belittle the present? It is better as it is."

"I know that you speak the truth, Ruby."

He took the crushed sheet of paper out of her hand, and held it over the fire for a minute.

"Do you mean it, Ruby?" he said.

"Yes," she answered firmly.

The paper fluttered from between his fingers, and the room was lighted with a bright, dancing flame.

"Dear old Leo!" he murmured, smiling at his wife—very fondly, a little ruefully—as it died away.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

DRIVER ANTS.

The Way These Ferocious Little Insects Defy the Freshets.

There are certain ants that show wonderful intelligence, and the "driver ants" not only build boats, but launch them too. Only these boats are formed of their own bodies.

They are called "drivers" because of their ferocity. Nothing can stand before the attacks of these little creatures. Large pythons have been killed by them in a single night, while chickens, lizards and other animals in western Africa flee from them in terror. To protect themselves from the heat they erect arches, under which numerous armies of them pass in safety.

Sometimes the arch is made of grass and earth and is gummed together by some secretion, and again it is formed by the bodies of the larger ants, which hold themselves together by their strong nippers while the workers pass under them.

At certain times of the year freshets overflow the country inhabited by the "drivers," and it is then that these ants go to sea. The rain comes suddenly, and the walls of their houses are broken in by the flood; but, instead of coming to the surface in scattered hundreds and being swept off to destruction, out of the ruins rises a black ball that rides safely on the water and drifts away.

At the first warning of danger the little creatures run together and form a solid body of ants, the weaker in the center. Often this ball is larger than a common cricket ball, and in this way they float about until they lodge against some tree, upon the branches of which they are soon safe and sound.—Pearson's Weekly.

The Charles Miller Bible Class.

The Charles Miller Bible Class convenes in the afternoon at 2:30 o'clock. Its enrollment is about 600 men, and there is an auxiliary class of about 150 ladies, who occupy an upper room. The Sunday school totals 1,500 members, which is about 12 per cent of the entire population of the city. I learned that the Miller Bible Class was by no means a new organization, having been in existence since 1874, in which year General Miller was elected superintendent of the school, which then had a membership of seventy-five. He has held this office through all the supervening years, having been continually re-elected, until now he is rounding out his thirty-fourth year of continuous service. In early days the church had a membership of twenty-three, but church and school have grown up together, "flourishing like a green bay tree."

A unique feature in the day's worship is the service of the "Hand Shake Club," which meets at 9:30 a. m. in the church parlor, for men only. Another attractive feature is the "People's Happy Hour," which begins at exactly 7:30 and ends with equal promptness at 8:30 p. m.; never was a shorter sixty minutes.

At the entrance of the Sunday school room is a large blackboard, with space for over a thousand numbers, and instead of calling the roll—a lengthy process in a school of such size—each attendant places a chalk mark which indicates "present" beside his number. At 2:30 nearly every seat on the floor and in the gallery above was filled, and hardly a vacancy could be seen in the great auditorium.—Joe Mitchell Chapple, in National Magazine.

A Rejection Slip.

"Sir," said the shivering beggar, stopping the prosperous magazine editor on the street, "I have a long, sad story—"

"Sorry," briskly replied the magazine editor, passing on, "but we are only open for short, funny stories now; full of the other kind."—Success Magazine.

The Imagination of Age.

Tawker—Now, there's a peculiar thing about a colored man; you can never be quite sure of his age.

Wise—No, and neither can the colored man himself. As soon as his wool gets a little gray he begins to remember when he was Washington's body servant.—Philadelphia Press.

QUICK WIT SAVES HIS LIFE.

Missionary Flourishes False Teeth in Face of Medicine Man.

"Residents of the capital interested in missionary work in far parts of the world will be pleased to learn that it is proceeding with satisfactory results in the islands of the southern Pacific," said a gentleman actively identified with religious work, and who has just returned from a long trip through the islands in the southern seas, to a Washington Star Reporter.

"Missionaries have much to contend with in dealing with the tribes on some of the islands, and I am reminded of an incident happening on a remote island of the Fiji group whose tribes were still influenced by the savagery of cannibalism. A German missionary had made excellent progress toward the enlightenment of a tribe of savages in the interior, when he was taken ill and forced to abandon his work and seek recuperation in a village along the coast.

"During his absence a native medicine man succeeded in undoing all that the good German father had accomplished. The latter was warned that under the circumstances it would be unsafe for him to return to the scene of his labors upon his recovery, but he decided that his duty called him there, and upon regaining his strength he journeyed inland to the village whose inhabitants had gone over to the teachings of the medicine man.

"His reception was decidedly a warm one and he was informed that unless he made a practical demonstration of the superiority of his teachings over those of the medicine man he would be converted in short order into food for the hungry tribesmen. He at once realized that his life hung upon a slender thread and endeavored to show to the savages by argument that their conclusions as to his edible qualities were entirely erroneous and that they should turn their thoughts to other kinds of food as well as to higher subjects.

"His efforts were in vain, however, and just as he was about to be struck down by the uplifted clubs of the chief men in the tribe he happily bethought himself of the fact that his upper teeth were false. Opening his mouth he hastily extracted his set, flourished it in the faces of his astounded opponents, and particularly the features of the medicine man, and, replacing the teeth as suddenly as he had extracted them, rebuked his charges in a manner which can better be imagined than described. The tribe, believing that he had performed a miracle in taking out and replacing his own teeth, drove the medicine man from the village and restored the missionary to his former place as uplifter of their material and spiritual destinies."

Wit of the Youngsters

Visitor—I hear you have been very ill, Nettie. Did you suffer much? Nettie (aged 5)—Yes, ma'am. I enjoyed an awful lot of pain.

"Harold," said his mother, who was entertaining company, "you must not talk until I get through." "But you never get through, mamma," protested the little fellow.

Teacher—Now, Tommy, can you tell me what "t-o-o" spells? Small Tommy—Yes, ma'am; it spells "too." Teacher—That's right. And what does "t-o" spell, Johnny? Small Johnny—I guess it spells "one."

Fond Mother—Listen, Mildred, and I'll read to you about heaven and its beautiful golden streets. Small Mildred—I don't want to hear about it, mamma. I'd rather wait till I get there and be surprised.

Teacher—Now, Elmer, spell chicken. Small Elmer—I'm not old enough to spell chicken. Try me on hen.

Little Elsie—Harry, what is a pyromaniac? Little Harry—I guess it's a fellow who has a mania for pie.

School Teacher—Now, children, our lesson to-day gives us some idea of the power of a king and other potentates. Can any of you name a still greater power? Little Fred—Yes, ma'am. An ace is more powerful than a king.

"You are the dullest boy I ever saw!" exclaimed the baldheaded parent. "Well, papa," replied the youngster, "you can't expect me to get things into my head as quick as you do, 'cause you don't have the trouble of getting them through your hair."

Presence of Mind.

A clergyman was talking on the prevalence of selfishness. "We incline," he said, "to put ourselves too far ahead of other people. We could all make no better resolution than to be less selfish. As it is, we are too much like the art student. There was, you know, a poor Vermont art student who shared a studio bedroom with a journalist from Wisconsin. The Vermonter went out one morning to do the marketing and brought home two chops. He laid them on the table, and the cat leaped up and devoured one.

"'Hang it,' he said to his Wisconsin friend, 'the cat has eaten your chop!'"

What It Says.

Smawley—Do you believe that money talks?

Ardupp—You bet, I do. I no sooner get my hands on a dollar than it says 'Good-by.'"

No doubt his Satanic majesty grits his teeth when he meets a man who loves his neighbor as he loves himself.

LITERARY LITTLE BITS

"What the White Race May Learn from the Indian" is a new book by George Wharton James to be published soon. Mr. James is an adopted member of the Havasupai tribe, who believes that the Indian in such matters as diet, exercise, art, education and religion, is more sensible than his white neighbor.

For many years M. Anatole France has been studying "the sources" from which to gather the right material for the ten stories of the famous saints. In Jeanne d'Arc particularly he has always been interested. Fifteen years ago he published an essay on the Maid of Orleans. He has now issued the first volume of his finished study of the life and works of Joan of Arc and confesses his belief not only in her sincerity but her possession of great intellectual powers.

Justin H. Moore, a student in the Department of Oriental Languages at Columbia, has completed what is said to be the first English translation of the "Iti-Vuttaka," or "Sayings of Buddha." The "Sayings" are believed to have been written by Buddha or his disciples in the fifth century B. C. The only translation known was one made into Chinese in the seventh century A. D. Mr. Moore has been at work on his translation for more than two years and several East Indians and Persians studying at the university have given him valuable assistance. The book is written in prose, but there is also considerable verse.

H. G. Wells, in his forthcoming book, "New Worlds for Old," sets forth his belief in Socialism. "The present writer," he says, "has long been interested in the Socialistic movement in Great Britain and America and in all these complicated issues one lumps together as social questions. In the last few years he has gone into it personally and studied the Socialist movement closely and intimately at first hand. He has made the acquaintance of many of its leaders upon both sides of the Atlantic, joined numerous organizations, attended and held meetings and experimented in Socialist politics. He calls himself a Socialist, but he is by no means a fanatical or uncritical adherent. To him Socialism presents itself as a very noble but a very human and fallible system of ideas."

In commenting on Owen Wister's recent attempt to "unfreeze George Washington" and to give a more true idea of the man than that supplied by the expurgated schoolbook histories, who, if he was heroic was also very human, Dr. Edward Everett Hale records an interesting episode in his own early literary life. "Nearly fifty years ago," he says, "I was myself appointed as a member of a committee which was to edit a series of unpublished letters of Washington's. I was the junior member of the committee, but with all modesty I said at the first meeting that I would not serve as one of the editors unless the letters were to be published as we found them, swear words and all. To my great satisfaction the chairman said with serious earnestness: 'I think Mr. Hale is right. I think the time has come when we can tell the truth about Washington.' Of Mr. Wister, Dr. Hale says "he is always entertaining, and when he is writing a book he always says what he thinks himself and does not let anyone else do his thinking for him."

Disciplining His Boy.

She came into his study, gently. "I hate to disturb you, dear—" He looked up—"but, it is after eleven, and Dick has not come home yet—and—it is the second time this week he has stayed out. I did not wish to speak to you—but—a boy of seventeen——"

She faltered. He was looking at her with a strange, fixed expression. "I understand. Leave him to me. I shall wait up until he comes in."

"Don't be harsh with him," she said pleadingly. "Oh, I am so sorry I told you! Remember he has always been such a good boy——"

"My dear, you have nothing further to do with this. I must deal with my son in my own way; I request you not to interfere. You had better go quietly to your room. I ask you to do so—I want him to find me here, when he sees fit to return to his home."

She retired, with her mother heart anxiously beating, and waited until the click of a latchkey sounded in the street door. She listened, trembling—ready to rush out—a penitent peace maker. She heard:

"Dick, is that you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Is the dog in the hall?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well—turn out the gas! Good night!"—Madeline Bridges in Woman's Home Companion.

Poor Old Bird!

"What's the matter with that old hen?" asked the guinea fowl. "She looks worried."

"Oh," replied the bantam rooster, "she's a temperance crank and she's worrying for fear some of her eggs will be used in the making of eggnog."—Catholic Standard and Times.

A man gets the notion into his head that when a girl looks particularly nice, it just happened. He doesn't appreciate that she has been working for months to that end.

COAST EVENTS BRIEFLY TOLD

Condensed, Interesting Items of News Gleaned From Varied and Numerous Sources.

An Interesting Assemblage of Paragraphs That Give a Readable Review of Important Occurrences During the Past Week.

Redding.—Resisting arrest, Frank Offield of Fort Jones had to be beaten into submission with a club, after being shot three times. He was mortally wounded.

Pendleton, Ore.—The balance of Umatilla county's wool clip for 1908 was practically cleaned up last week, when eighteen clips, aggregating nearly 500,000 pounds, changed hands. The prices ranged from 6¾ to 13¾ cents.

Vancouver, B. C.—While searching for mail bags containing money and valuable papers, which were lost from a boat in Atlin Lake in 1897, John Kirkland of Atlin and Thomas Fox of Parker lost their lives in the icy waters.

Newman.—With the incorporation element carrying the special election the town of Newman, on the west side of Stanislaus county, is now dignified by the name of "city." Oakdale, on the east side of the county, and Turlock, near the southern boundary, have also incorporated within the past six months.

Ukiah.—Suit was filed in the Superior Court a few days ago by J. H. McGovern of San Francisco against J. C. Halliday of Point Arena, proprietor of the Point Arena-Cazadero stage line, for $10,000 damages for injuries sustained when one of the stages on which McGovern was a passenger turned over, in September, 1907.

San Francisco.—George Huber, a lather of 37 Woodward avenue, attempted suicide by asphyxiation because he was unable to stand the sneers of his fellow-workmen because he became a slow worker. Huber has been ill and his work was difficult. Knowing that he was doing his best in view of his condition, Huber determined to end his life. He was discovered before too late.

Pomona.—O. F. Giffin passed away after much suffering at his home here. He was 81 years old and came to California in pioneer days. He was prominently identified with many important banking, mining and business deals in the early days of San Francisco, being associated with Ralston, Flood, Fair and Mackay. He came here over twenty years ago and has since acquired considerable realty.

Vallejo.—The submarine boats Pike and Grampus, which have only recently been overhauled and repaired at the Mare Island yard at a cost of $20,000 apiece, were placed in commission last week with Lieutenant Castle in temporary command. It will only be a matter of a few weeks' time before the boats will leave for experimental trips down the bay in company with the tender, the tug Fortune.

Los Angeles.—Judson C. Brusie of San Francisco, secretary of the State Railroad Commission, playwright, novelist and politician, succumbed to heart failure at the California Hospital. Brusie was at liberty under $15,000 bail while awaiting arraignment in San Francisco on a charge of felony embezzlement which was preferred by officers of the Metropolitan Surety Company, of which he formerly was Pacific Coast agent. The shock of his arrest brought on a fatal attack.

Fresno.—Miss Sadie Mills of Los Angeles, a graduate of the Normal School of that city, has secured a corner on school teaching positions in this county. She sent out 122 typewritten applications and was elected by five school boards. County Superintendent Lindsay says he will not permit the young lady to teach in the county, as he declares her conduct in accepting new positions without declining the former is unethical. He says he supposes Miss Mills has bottled up other positions throughout the State.

Oakland.—John C. Hannan, for 35 years a Southern Pacific employe and 65 years of age, was frightened to death by his narrow escape from being run down between a street car and a buggy in front of Providence Hospital. Hannan, who was afflicted with a weak heart, was standing near the car tracks on Broadway when a fast going buggy driven by two women passed perilously close to him. As he stepped forward to avoid it a street car going in the opposite direction barely missed striking him. He collapsed from fright.

SOLD HIS COUNTRY'S SECRETS.

Terrible Punishment Meted Out to French Officer Who Proved Traitor.

Toulon.—A pitiable spectacle, the degradation of Ensign Charles Ullmo, formerly a Naval officer, occurred at Roche Square last week in the presence of an enormous crowd. Ensign Ullmo was arrested at Toulon charged with being a spy. An examination of his effects showed him to be in possession of many valuable documents. Last February he was found guilty by a court-martial of attempting to sell Naval secrets to a foreign power and sentenced to life imprisonment in a fortress and to be degraded in rank. Train excursions were run into Toulon and thousands of people from the surrounding country came in to witness the ceremony.

Ullmo, wearing his uniform and sword, was led into the rectangle, where the commandant read the order that Ullmo had betrayed his country and was not worthy to wear its uniform. Two subalterns then took off his sword and stripped him of his chevrons and buttons.

One of the subalterns broke the sword across his knee and then threw the blade at Ullmo's feet. In this plight Ullmo was compelled to march at the head of a squad of soldiers around the rectangle amid the hoots and jeers of the crowd. He walked with his bare head sunk upon his breast and his eyes staring straight in front of him. Tears were streaming down his face.

Ullmo will be deported to Devil's Island, off the coast of French Guinea, where Major Dreyfus was confined from 1894 to 1899.

King and Czar in Peace Pact.

Reval.—The text of the toasts exchanged between King Edward and Emperor Nicholas has just been published after careful revision. The two sovereigns expressed the wish that the meeting would have the happy result of drawing the two countries closer together and promoting the maintenance of the general peace of the world. King Edward intimated that his meeting in Russia would be followed shortly by a visit of the Russian Emperor and Empress to England.

Mormon Counselor Assaulted Child.

Salt Lake, Utah.—Samuel G. Spencer, a prominent and hitherto highly respected Mormon and high counselor in the Latter-day Saints' church, was sentenced to six months at hard labor in the Utah State Prison for a criminal assault upon fifteen-year-old Ivy Wallace, the daughter of his second cousin. It was brought out in Spencer's trial that he had been guilty of misconduct not only with the Wallace child, but with his two young daughters.

Chinese Continue Boycott.

Yokohama.—Efforts to enlist the Chinese guilds of Japan for the suppression of the boycott continue and the latest proposition is that two of the leading Chinese from each guild in Yokohama, Kobe and Nagasaki visit Canton, with all their expenses paid, to urge self-government and request that the societies cease agitation. It is also proposed that if the boycott is called off the Canton guilds will be presented with 300,000 yen.

Fail to Convict Actor Hitchcock.

New York.—The jury in the case of Raymond Hitchcock, the actor, brought in a verdict acquitting him. This is the second similar case that has been brought against the actor by girls whose testimony failed in all vital points. Hitchcock's valet proved that the actor was in Brooklyn at times when the two girls said they were with him at Great Neck, L. I.

To Pipe Oil Long Distance.

Pittsburg, Pa.—Arrangements have been completed here for spending $2,000,000 to $3,000,000 in extending pipe lines west to Oilfields, Ill., in order that Illinois oil may be pumped direct 1,000 miles to the seaboard. It is also intended to take in the Northern Ohio fields.

Chicago Passes Two Million Mark.

Chicago.—Unofficial estimates made by those in charge of the school census indicate that Chicago now has a population of about 2,140,000. The total population represented in the census of 1904, when the last general school census was taken, was 1,714,144.

Irish Patriot Dead.

Chicago.—Colonel John Finnerty, editor of the Chicago Citizen, for many years prominent as a newspaper man, lecturer and Irish patriot, died at his residence here a few days ago, aged 62 years.

RACETRACK GAMBLING GETS DEATH BLOW IN NEW YORK

New York.—Racetrack gambling received probably its death blow in this State by the passage at Albany of the famous Agnew-Hart measures that have been bitterly contested throughout the regular session of the Legislature and the extra session that ended last week. The two bills were approved by Governor Hughes and became laws immediately.

The new laws abolish betting anywhere in the State, either within or outside an enclosure; they change the grade of crime from felony to misdemeanor, thus bringing the offense within the jurisdiction of the minor criminal courts, and they impose a general penalty of "imprisonment in the County Jail or penitentiary for a period of not more than one year," without the alternative of a fine.

The passage of the bills was attended by a dramatic incident that may culminate in a tragedy. The first vote was 26 to 25 and the crucial "aye" that made the measures laws came from Senator Otto G. Foelker of Brooklyn, who crawled from a sick bed in Staatsberg, made a journey of sixty miles to the capital and was barely able, propped up in a chair, to weakly murmur the words that made the radical change in the laws of the State.

The statute will be attacked by the racetrack people upon the ground that it is invalid because its passage was obtained through the vote of Senator Wallace of Niagara Falls, who was elected at a special election, the validity of which has been brought into question. The point will be raised that as his election was invalid a measure passed by his vote is therefore invalid. Uupon this point the case will be carried to the Court of Appeals.

Pending decision upon this point, it is planned to obtain an injunction restraining the police or sheriff from interfering with bookmakers by the enforcement of the law passed.

"We calculate," said a prominent racetrack official, "that this will carry the matter to the end of the racing season."

WOMAN'S FIRM "NO" COSTS RAILWAY COMPANY $72,000

Seattle, Wash. — Mrs. James D. Davidson's emphatic "No" cost the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad just $72,000, for a jury in the Superior Court fixed at $100,000 the value of property on which the woman's husband four years ago gave an option at $20,000. Liens which the railroad assumed in buying the property make the price to the Davidsons $92,794.76.

The railroad took an option from Davidson four years ago on four tideland lots which the road needed for its terminals in Seattle. The land was to be transferred for $20,000 and the road was to assume the expense of filling the lots. Unfortunately for the railroad, however, Mrs. Davidson was not a party to the deal, and when the road attempted to complete the transaction a few days later she planted a dainty feminine foot firmly upon it. Moreover, she won over her husband to her way of thinking.

The railroad, unable to move either husband or wife, took the matter into the courts to enforce the bargain. It dragged along until last winter, when the Circuit Court of Appeals decided in favor of the Davidsons. The railroad then dropped the action and began condemnation proceedings. When the jury had heard all the evidence it fixed the value of the property at $100,000, and deducting the liens which the railroad assumes, the net gain to the Davidsons by reason of a woman's "No" is more than $72,000.

STATE'S PRODUCERS WILL MEET TO DISCUSS TARIFF

San Francisco.—A meeting of representatives of every industry in the State which will be affected by possible cnanges in the tariff has been called by the California Promotion Committee, to be held in the California Building, Union Square, on July 16th, and to continue for two days. The object of the meeting is to present the claims of California producers and business men before the Committee of Ways and Means of Congress at the session which begins next December.

The suggestion that a California delegation wait on the Ways and Means Committee, which will probably consider the question of a revision of the tariff, came to the California Promotion Committee from Congressman J. C. Needham. It is thought advisable that a concerted plan of action be formulated, so that the interests of this State shall be adequately presented to the Ways and Means Committee.

A call has been sent out to commercial and industrial bodies throughout the State requesting that the people of their vicinities be notified, in order that they may attend the meeting in July, and also inviting the various organizations to send representatives, so that a full understanding of the requirements of California may be reached and a representative committee appointed to take up the matter.

COMPERE TO CONTINUE HUNT FOR DESTROYERS OF PESTS

Sacramento. — State Horticultural Commissioner Jeffrey announces that George Compere, the entomologist expert, has been re-engaged after considerable correspondence with the Australian Government, and will act for both California and Australia. An itinerary has been arranged for him, including visits to many places that have been heretofore neglected.

Mr. Compere has gone to New Jersey to collect native lady bugs, and these will be sent here to be multiplied in the insectory. From there they will be sent into the State to prey on plant lice. Then he will sail for Bremen to look up walnut growing. In Germany he will pay attention to the parasites of the coddling moth for service here. He will visit the Balkan States and look for the ariel form of the wooly aphis.

In Italy he will look up parasites for the citrus fruit enemies, and expects to secure a large stock of dedicuous trees. Mr. Compere thinks that Egypt may have parasites for citrus pests. From Egypt he will go to Ceylon. After settling the experimental station at Hongkong, several side trips will be made into Corea and India, and about ten months will be passed in this way.

FREE "MERRY WIDOW" HATS START WOMEN TO RIOTING

New York.—Several hundred women nearly tore the clothes off one another in the New Amsterdam Theater in a scramble for "merry widow" hats, which were to be distributed free to women holding $2 seats at the "Merry Widow" show.

Long before matinee hour the house was comfortably filled. So was the foyer—with bandboxes and cases containing 1,500 of the hats.

The women surrounded the unfortunate male male clerks who were to distribute the headgear, and finally became wrought to such a pitch that they stormed the counters, one of which they overturned. The army overpowered the clerks.

Policemen were called from the street to suppress the miniature riot. They got the women into line and announced that the distribution of hats would be deferred.

TO LICK OBSERVATORY BY AUTO.

Old Stage Line to Top of Mount Hamilton Will Soon Have Fast Competitor.

San Jose.—A number of prominent sportsmen during the past few weeks have been experimenting with an automobile stage line up Mt. Hamilton to the Lick Observatory and have come to the conclusion that the project is not only entirely feasible but will be a big boon to the valley. A company has been formed with a big capitalization. The company will operate four big touring cars, making the trip every day. The trip will require two hours for the ascent and an hour and forty-five minutes for the descent. This practically puts the old fashioned stage coach line, which for years has carried tourists to the big telescope, out of business, as the trip by that means requires fourteen hours and horses have to be changed three times on the ascent.

Daughters Elect Grand Officers.

Lodi.—The Native Daughters of the Golden West, in session here last week, elected the following grand officers for the ensuing year:

Past grand president, Emma G. Foley, Orinda parlor, San Francisco; Grand president, Anna L. Munroe, Oneonto parlor, Ferndale; Grand vice-president, Emma W. Lillie, Ivy parlor, Lodi; Grand secretary, Laura J. Frakes, Amapola parlor, Sutter Creek; Grand treasurer, Susie K. Christ, Yosemite parlor, San Francisco; Grand marshal, Anna F. Lacy, Los Lomas parlor, San Francisco; Grand inside sentinel, May Barry, Fremont parlor, San Francisco.

Del Monte was selected as the meeting place of the Grand Parlor in 1909.

Oregon Running Dry.

Portland, Ore.—Data that has been compiled on the Oregon election of June 1st shows that 270 saloons were put out of business by the vote taken under the local option law. In most cases the question was submitted as a county issue, with the result that prohibition will now prevail in twenty-one of the thirty-three counties of the State. There are from four to sixteen dry precincts in each of the counties that remain wet, so that there is not a county in the State in which there is not some prohibition territory. Altogether nearly 500 saloons have been closed since the local option law was enacted two years ago. Prior to this year nine counties were carried for prohibition.

Will Investigate Telegraphic Companies.

Washington.—Under the provisions of a resolution adopted recently by the Senate, Secretary Straus has arranged for a thorough investigation of the operations of the telegraphers of the country. The inquiry will extend into the receipts and expenses of the companies, the wages they pay, the conditions of their employes, the hours of labor, and other matters pertaining to the operation of the companies. Secretary Straus has placed the investigation in the hands of Charles P. Neill, Commissioner of Labor, and Herbert Knox Smith, Commissioner of corporations.

Negro Mason Ousted for Grafting.

Stockton.—A special commission appointed by the colored Masons to investigate charges made against one of the officers, reported that by reason of the gross misconduct of the officer it was necessary that he be expelled. Several delegates who undertook to defend the offender were severely rebuked. The expulsion of the member provoked a warm and heated discussion, which marred the functions of the day.

Garfield Investigating Labor in Hawaii.

Honolulu.—Secretary of the Interior James R. Garfield, who is now here, will be taken on a tour of the Hawaiian Islands on a steamer specially chartered for that purpose. This will enable the Secretary of the Interior during his short stay to thoroughly acquaint himself with the land, labor, corporation and immigration questions and problems affecting the islands.

California Athletes Going to Germany.

San Francisco.—The Deutschland Riege, composed of the eight best Turners of the various Turn Vereins of the Pacific Slope, left here Monday evening on the journey to Frankfort-on-the-Main, Germany, to participate in the international athletic tournament to be held in that city July 18th to July 23d.

Thirty Revolutionists Executed.

St. Petersburg. — Thirty persons charged with political offenses were executed last week in various cities of Russia. In addition, sixteen death sentences have been issued by courts-martial.

CURRENT NEWS OF THE WORLD

Important Events of the Week in Both Hemispheres Compiled for Busy Readers.

What Has Happened, What is Happening, and What is Likely to Happen, Related by Correspondents in Every Corner of the Earth.

Paris.—A prize of $4,000 has been offered by M. Armengaud for the first aeroplanist who remains in the air for thirty minutes.

Melbourne.—The Victorian Cabinet has adopted a program for the State's reception of the American fleet. The Americans will have free transportation on all the railroads during their visit.

Princeton, N. J.—The 161st annual commencement exercises of the Princeton University were held last week. The degree of doctor of laws was conferred upon Baron Takahira, the Japanese Embassador.

New York.—The directors of the Western Union Telegraph Company declared a dividend of one-half of 1 per cent, payable in cash. The dividend for last quarter was at the rate of 5 per cent per annum in stock.

Champaign, Ill.—W. S. Forman of East St. Louis, who was for three terms a Representative in Congress from the old Twenty-first Illinois District and Commissioner of Internal Revenue under President Cleveland, is dead.

Birmingham, Ala.—With the selection of Memphis as the place of the next reunion and the election of General Clement A. Evans of Georgia as commander in chief to succeed the late Stephen D. Lee, the United Confederate Veterans adjourned their annual convention.

Willemstad, Island of Curacao.—A steamer which has just arrived here from Porto Cabello, Venezuela, confirms the report that several cases of the plague exist in Caracas. The people of Porto Cabello, feeling sure that the plague will reach that port, have erected a pesthouse.

St. Joseph, Mo.—Willie Barkest, aged 11, has confessed to the police that he turned the switch which wrecked a Burlington freight train. He said that he wanted to get some coal, and planned the wreck in order to upset some of the cars, so he could get the fuel easier. He is being held in the County Home to await trial.

Washington.—Commissioner-General of Immigration Sargent has issued instructions to break up the gang engaged in smuggling Chinese across the border via Los Angeles. He counsels drastic measures, rigid inspection of freight trains in transit and the exercise of the greatest care to prevent celestials from getting into the country surreptitiously.

Chicago.—Miss Emma Gallagher, who was for six years a sewing machine agent in Chicago, was awarded $50,000 by a jury in Judge Wright's division of the Superior Court in a suit against a sewing machine company. She says the company drove her out of business in Chicago by publishing a libel accusing her of forgery and warning persons not to deal with her.

Washington.—Secretary Metcalf, at the request of Secretary Taft, has appointed a board of Naval officers to make a survey of the steamships Shawmut and Tremont, which have been offerfed for sale to the Isthmian Canal Commission by the Boston Towboat Company for transportation purposes, when these vessels arrive at Pacific ports shortly. Congress appropriated $1,550,000 for the purchase of two vessels by the Commission.

London.—Between £4,000,000 and £5,000,000 in gold, which Russia has gradually been accumulating in London for months past, was shipped to St. Petersburg last week. The Russian interests have been buying small parcels of gold weekly, with the object of replacing in reserve the gold released to help out London at the time of the heavy American demands. Some of the gold purchased accredited to Germany was really intended for Russia.

Washington.—Twenty Jersey cows raised in the Texas fever country, so that they may be immune from that affection, have been sent to the Isthmian Canal zone, where the milk is to be used for the hospital patients. Heretofore the Commission has endeavored to introduce the cow into the canal zone, with a view of furnishing natural milk, but with unsuccessful results. Condensed milk is used largely by the employes of the Commission.

While a rotation of only corn and oats may result in a more desirable condition of soil than were corn to follow corn and may perhaps keep in check some pests that work injury to the latter cereal, the fact remains that with both crops there is a constant pull from the soil and no contribution to it or re-enforcing of it, as is the case when the clovers enter into the rotation.

Because the expense of hauling a crop to market is seldom counted in the expense of producing it there does not seem to be an adequate realization of the enormous annual cost of hauling the various crops produced in this country to market. While the cost to any individual producer may not be a considerable amount, the aggregate for all producers amounts to hundreds of millions of dollars every year.

The experience which some corn growers living in the northern part of the corn belt have had the past two or three years points quite conclusively to the fact that the rather small and early maturing variety of corn is a better agricultural asset than the whopping ear with shoe peg kernels that gets pinched with the frost at both ends of the season and sours on the cob after it is put into the crib.

While crops of almost all kinds make a more vigorous growth in seasons that are too wet rather than those that are too dry, it is noticeable in a period of years that small grain is of a better quality when the rather dry conditions prevail, while the root crops do better in the more moist seasons. Semitropical plants like the lima bean, eggplant, pepper and tomato are partial to both heat and moisture and flourish best when these conditions exist.

Reports originating in portions of North Carolina are to the effect that not only has the tanbark industry had a direct and disastrous effect upon the forest reserves of the state, but that the people engaged in it grow poorer from year to year. It is pointed out by observers that the work of securing the bark gives a return of barely a day's wages, which is not nearly so profitable as the same effort would be directed along agricultural lines.

A bulletin issued by the bureau of statistics of the federal department of agriculture gives the estimated losses of the different kinds of farm animals for the year ended April 1, 1908, as follows: Horses, per cent loss from disease 1.7, number 342,000; cattle, from exposure and disease 3.1 per cent, 2,203,000; sheep, from exposure and disease 4.5 per cent, 2,478,000; swine, from disease 5.2 per cent, 2,940,000. In the case of both cattle and sheep the losses from exposure for the year just closed are considerably less than for the preceding year and still smaller in comparison with the figures given for the ten year average loss from this cause.

If the true reason could be got at the difference between the milk production of a cow in different seasons, barring that due to the process of maturing, it would quite likely be found to be the kind of a pasture she had, a fact not fully realized perhaps at the time. From the financial standpoint abundant pasturage, for which one pays $8 or $9 for the season, is a decidedly better proposition than that which may be had for $6, but which does not furnish a sufficient amount of nutrition above that actually required to keep the physical organism of the cow going. Unless the feed in a pasture is exceptionally heavy it ought not to carry more than two cows for every three acres. On this account pasturage that is nominally cheap may be very expensive.

Doubtless a good many readers of these notes will some time this spring be under necessity of grading up about their premises and getting a lawn started, and in the doing of this it is well to remember two or three simple things. One is that so far as may be possible the soil used for a top dressing should not only be fine and rich, but should be as free as possible from weed seeds. When the soil has been graded up as one desires it should be floated or rolled until it is firm and solid. This will give the lawn grass which is sown a suitable seed bed and will keep the plot from being easily marred should any person or stray animal tread on it. White clover and blue grass make an excellent lawn in most sections and should be sown at the rate of three parts of blue grass to one of clover. Frequent watering in case of an insufficient rainfall will be all that is needed to give a good stand of grass. The new grass should not be mowed until it has made a good growth and developed a fairly strong root. Oats are sometimes sown with the grass seed as a sort of nurse crop, but this is not necessary if care is exercised in the particulars mentioned.

A PROFITABLE TIMBER LOT.

In these days, when so much is being said and written about the wisdom of the federal government's policy of forest preservation and when farmers in the agricultural states are being urged to set out timber lots, one of the first questions that come to the mind of one who is debating the wisdom of the proposal is, "Does it pay?" With a view to citing a case which may in part answer this query we give below the figures on the returns from an acre and a quarter wood lot belonging to a friend living near by. The tract in question is a piece of native timber, in which the oaks—white, black and jack—predominate. The lot in question has lately been cleared, and our friend tells us that in addition to having got twenty cords of firewood from this lot during the past seventeen years the clearing of the piece has yielded a total of thirty cords of wood, worth $6 per cord, or $180; eighty-one oak posts, worth on an average 15 cents, amounting to $121.20, and seven saw logs which, it is estimated, will yield 700 feet of plank, worth $35, making the total receipts from the acre $336.50. Deducting from this 1½ cents for making the posts, $1 a cord for cutting the wood, $18.50 for clearing the land and $5 for sawing the plank, there is left a net return from the acre of $265.60. While the showing here given may be better than the average, it indicates what may be done with a natural wood lot when rightly managed.

When the trees in the wood lot have attained a size where their development is very slow and are at a point where the process of decline and decay has already or will soon set in, they may very properly be termed ripe and should be removed so as to make room and give light and air for smaller trees that may be growing up around them. The wood lot should be inspected every year with the above thought in mind.

SPRAYING FRUIT CROPS.

A co-operative spraying experiment will be carried on in the writer's orchard this year in connection with the horticultural department of the state experiment station. The results of the spraying which has been done in the orchard during the past two years have been so pronounced that the subject of its being worth while is no longer open to debate. The writer would place the value of the spraying last year at close to $800, while the spraying materials and operations did not cost over $140. With both gardener and horticulturist a nice margin of profit can often be secured above ruling market prices by raising that which is of extra quality. This is what spraying does for the apple or other fruit crop. Indeed, in many markets fruit that has not been sprayed is classed as cull stuff and is not wanted at any price. Last year's experience seems to point out one or two things that may be worth mentioning. One is that two thorough treatments before the blossom clusters open are advisable, serving to hold the apple scab in check in very effective manner. Another is that special pains should be taken to make the treatment which is given just after the blossoms fall as thorough as possible. It is at this time if at all that the poison contained in the spraying solution is deposited in the little calyx cup or blossom end of the apple, where it is estimated that 80 per cent of the eggs of the codling moth are laid. The burning of the foliage which was noticed to some extent last season seems to have been due to the fact that there is too much of the arsenate in the solution or that the mixture was not kept stirred as thoroughly as it ought to have been while the spraying was being done. These are two additional points that will be watched somewhat more closely this year.

THE BEST BREED.

The question is often asked, "Which is the best breed of fowls?" and quite as often an attempt is made to give a definite answer and name the "best" breed. However, if any individual instance of success with poultry were to be investigated the fact would quite likely be developed that it was the kind of man and the care he gave his flock rather than the variety of fowls kept that should really be credited with the success achieved. A first class man can make good money out of scrubs, while a scrub poultryman would have hard scratching to succeed with the best breed of fowls on earth. The best combination is a careful man and good attention coupled with one of the commonly accepted "good" breeds. If good layers are wanted the Leghorns, Orpingtons and Rhode Island Reds cannot be excelled; if a general purpose fowl is desired the Plymouth Rock and Wyandotte are all right, while if a heavier and more easily confined breed is wanted the Brahmas or Cochins will fill the bill.

WAIT TILL FROST IS OUT.

A good deal of risk is involved in purchasing a farm in a section of the country with which one is not acquainted in the winter months and especially if the ground is covered with snow. We heard of a chap not long ago who was on the point of buying a farm under just such circumstances and at a price which he considered a rare bargain. On some one's suggestion he waited until spring, then made a final inspection of the land and found that it was but little better than a spongy bog, the native haunt of bobolinks and bullfrogs. This experience taught him a lesson, and the next time he sized his prospective purchase up when vegetation was in growth.

F. E. Trigg

OUT OF THE GINGER JAR.

Now the country's spread all over
With the sunshine, and the breeze
Plays among the big red clover
With the clumsy bumblebees;
Songsters hide in leafy covers
From the brightness of the noon,
Then, like serenading lovers,
Sing their love-songs unto June.

Those who pay as they go find the going pleasant.

Suppose we put a half-hitch on our dispositions.

Some men haven't so much push as a frog has in one hind leg.

Nine tailors make a man, but a woman can make fools out of a dozen men.

When you have done a really good thing do not stop to talk about it, but do another.

A country housewife will do all she can in the winter and can all she does in the summer.

To kill all the bumblebee nests ruins the clover crop, for the bees cross-fertilize the blossoms. Run boys, but don't kill them.

The average voter blames foolish laws for his woes, yet goes on putting men in the Legislature who have no use for farmers.

Burbank has succeeded in producing a spineless cactus, but let us hope that this will be no encouragement to the cultivation of spineless men.

Teacher: "Now, children, if I have five yards of cloth and use four to make a jacket, what shall I have left?" Little girl: "You will have scraps left."

Some farmers seem anxious to own all the adjoining land, but they should really improve and make the best use of the acres they have, before purchasing more.

Many a man by the fireside sitteth and smoketh, while his sons do all the chores in the rain and cold, and he collareth all the cash. Verily, this also is vexation of spirit.

The garden has a hundred heads—growing on the cabbages; it has a thousand eyes—showing on the potatoes; it has any number of ears—hanging on the sweet corn; and it has all the toes it wants, too—on the tomatoes.

From June *Farm Journal.*

PRESS NOTES

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Miss Hilda Osterman of Nevada was in town Saturday arranging for a class in music.

Professor Powers is home from Paso Robles, where he is on the faculty of the High School.

Avery Kennedy returned from San Luis Obispo Saturday, accompanying his mother and aunt, Mrs. Kennedy and Miss Giles.

Mrs. Cook visited over Sunday with her sister, Mrs. Beacham, at Gilroy.

The regular meeting of the W. C. T. U. will be held with Mrs. Bull, on North First Street June 24th, at 2.30 o'clock.

The exercises of the Campbell Grammer School occur this Wednesday evening. Great preparation has been made for this event, a complete account of which will appear in the next issue of the PRESS.

Miss Brake, who has been visiting with Mr. and Mrs. Allison of Budd avenue for five weeks, has returned to Oakland. She has rented the Dr. Cooper cottage for the summer and will move here with her mother, brother and sister.

A United States marshal was in town a few days ago to have Mrs. Sutter go to San Francisco to see if she could identify a man held there who is supposed to be one of the robbers who broke into the Campbell post office some months ago. Mrs. Sutter went to the city but could not identify the man.

Grammar school graduation occurs Friday evening.

Miss Lizzie Sargent has returned from her school duties to spend the summer at home.

HIGH SCHOOL EVENTS.

Baccalaureate Services, Class Night, Receptions, Graduation.

Baccalaureate services in honor of the graduating class were held at the Congregational Church Sunday night, both churches joining in the service. The Rev. George Atkinson preached an excellent sermon on the subject, "The Gospel as a Contribution to Culture," taking as his text the words, "For I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ, for it is the power of God." The sermon was an argument for all-around culture, not omitting the spiritual. It was heard with the closest attention throughout. The special address to the graduates at the close of the sermon was especially fine, packed with wisdom and inspiration. The musical numbers of the program were a voluntary by Mrs. David Schuyler; hymn; trio, violin, 'cello and piano, Miss Copeland, Calvin Bohnett and Dudley Moulton; anthem, "Evening Song" (Park), by the choir.

Friday evening the Juniors gave a reception to the Seniors, an event which has become an annual custom and is the most important social function of the High School year. This year the reception took place at the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Keesling, on Hamilton and Johnson avenues. The beautiful rooms were effectively adorned with flowers, and with the bright lights and the pretty gowns of the young ladies made a brilliant scene. Gay conversation seemed to provide adequate amusement for the company. An amusing medley sung by Misses Dollie Blenkinsop and Mary Eckles was appreciated, as was also a piano solo by Miss Hazel Downing.

The Class Night program on Tuesday evening was one of the best in the history of the school. The orchestra opened the exercises with a pleasing selection. Donald Marshman received hearty congratulations on his opening address, it being especially good. The Class History by Miss Mildred Duncan was most appropriately written. A piano solo by Lisle Keesling called forth an encore. Miss Lilian Appleby read an interesting selection. The Class Poem by Miss Ruth Currier was well written and effectively read. The Class Song was most pleasing. The Prophecy as prepared by Misses Emma Beattie and Ernestine Kennedy was presented to the audience in the manner of a gipsy, gaily decorated and occupying a cosy corner. The graduates came forward and she predicted their future. It was very unique. Miss Myra Giles performed this task and it is just to the two young ladies who prepared the prophecy to state that the Gipsy somewhat changed the fortune telling when it came to their lot, much to the amusement of the audience.

Miss Eula Shermantine presented the Class gift, it being a statue of the Winged Mercury. Prof. Smith very pleasingly accepted the same. A piano solo by Miss Beattie called forth an encore. A pantomime love scene caused much amusement and was furnished by Misses Mildred Duncan, Lucy Joy, and Messrs. Richard Putman, Carl Beocock and Mills Waterhouse. The Class Will, a most interesting production, was presented by Miss Hazel Brown. The Orchestra furnished the closing number.

The room was filled with a large and appreciative audience.

The graduation exercises will occur this Thursday evening at the Assembly hall of the High School. Rev. W. T. Patchell will deliver the address to the graduates.

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EULA ISABELLA SHERMANTINE

Mail matter accasionally comes addressed to rural mail box numbers, without the owner's name placed thereon. It is against the rules of the post office department to deliver mail matter so addressed, and it thereby causes much annoyance.

Children's day at the Methodist Church will occur next Sunday morning.

The St. James ball team defeated the Campbell team last Sunday by a score of 10 to 1.

Sunday morning the Congregational Sunday School observed Children's and Flag Days in a well arranged service. The following is the program: Song, "Happy Soldiers of the Cross," school; prayer; song, "Onward, Christian Soldiers"; Scripture reading; song, "Victory"; recitation, "Christ and the Children"; song, "Children's Day"; responsive reading; baptism of three little children; song, "God Bless Thee," school; presentation of Bibles; song, "King's Highway"; News from the Front," dialogue led by Sam Luther; primary song; reading, "A Child's Ministry," Marion Duncan. At the close of the program Comrade D. H. Coates gave a five-minute talk on "What the Flag Means to the Soldier," and Comrade I. Preston gave the history of the flag and a thrilling experience of his own on being liberated from Libby Prison. The decorations of flags were especially notable.

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SOCIETIES.

Masonic Notice

Charity Lodge, No. 362, F. & A. M., Campbell, Cal. Stated meetings held on the second Monday of each month.

F. K. BARTHOLOMEW, Master.
JAMES FABLINGER, Secretary.

Independent Order of Odd Fellows

Morning Light Lodge, No. 42, meets every Thursday evening in Odd Fellows Hall. Sojourning brothers are cordially invited to attend the lodge meetings.

WM. BEATTIE, Noble Grand.
W. R. COUPLAND, Secretary.

Rebekahs

Ada Rebekah Lodge, No. 223, I. O. O. F., meets the first and Third Tuesday evenings at Odd Fellows Hall. Sojourning sisters and brothers are cordially invited to attend.

MRS. W. W. DUNHAM, Noble Grand
MISS ETHEL HILLS, Secretary.

Patrons of Husbandry

Orchard City Grange, No. 333, meets on the second and fourth Tuesday evenings at Odd Fellows Hall. Sojourning members are cordially invited to attend.

A. C. KEESLING, Worthy Master.
MRS. ADA KEESLING, Worthy Secretary.

Woodmen of the World

Camp Moorpark, No. 671, meets on the first and third Saturday evenings of each month in Odd Fellows Hall. All sojourning neighbors are invited to attend.

Fraternal Aid Association

Palm Leaf Council, No. 560, meets on the second and fourth Saturday evenings at Odd Fellows Hall. Sojourning members are cordially invited to attend.

MRS. M. J. WILSON, President
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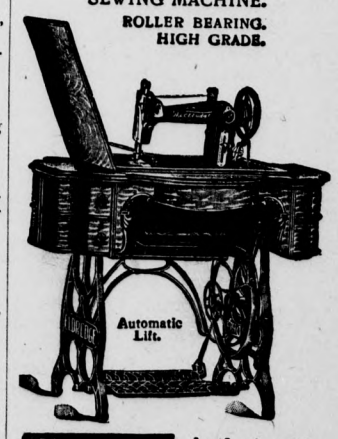

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